

CHAPTER I.

"Where does Bernardet live" "At the passage to the right. Yes, that house which you see with the grating and the garden behind it."

The man to whom a pass rhy had given this information harried away in the direction pointed out. Although I soil in which it was imbedded while gnaping for breath, he tried to run, in his daughters joyensir run to their house at the end of the passage of the at Moniche with their great blue eyes. sort of cul de sac, on either side of which look at him, and at once divined that beer shops or spied upon in enhances. and dilapidated storehouses, opened upon ment, with people promenating, with the noise of transways, with gayety and | Bovero-you did not know him?"

The man were the dress and had the bared to the warm October rain. He was a workman, in truth, who worked ! in his echeleres lates, making over and swept the staircases and complained of touched it."

Muse. Moniche found life hard and disagreeable and regretted that it had fleeted a moment. Then be said: not given her what it promised when, at 18, and very pretty, she had expected | Then, struck with a sublent blen, he tomething better than to watch beside a added. "Yes, I will take it." dealy precipitated itself, and Mine. I can use," he said.

M. Rovere had lived alone in the house for many years, receiving a few | Bernardet asked as she saw her husband is a pleasantry. mysterious persons. Mme. Moniche buckle on a leather bandolier. looked after his apartment, entering by using her own key whenever it was necessary, and her lodger had given had and this evening! Can we not go to the me." Bernardet simply replied. "They permission to come there at any time to little theater at Monomirre this even read the daily papers.

Mme. Moniche harried down the

"M. Rovere is dead! M. Rovere has been murdered! His throat has been cut! He has been assassinated." And pursuing her husband out of the door | see," the little man said. "My dear followed him with bared head. The the exclaimed:

"The police-go for the police!" This word "police" awakened in the teilor's mind not the thought of the neighboring commissary, but the thought of the man to whom he felt that he ought to appeal, whom he ought to consult. This man was the good little Al. Bernardet, who passed for a man of genius of his kind at the Surete and for whom Meniche had often repaired coats and rehemmed tronsers.

From the mansion in the Boulevard to Clichy, where Moniche lived, to M. Bernardet's house was but a short disfance, and the concierge knew the way very well, as he had often been there. but the poor man was so stupetied, so everwhelmed, by the sudden appearance of his wife in his room, by the brutal revelation which came to him as the blow of a fist by the horrible manner of M. Rovera's death, that he lost his head. Horrifled, breathless, he asked the first

Arrived at the grating, the worthy man, a little confused stopped short. He was very strongly moved. It seemed to him that he had been cast into the ageny of a horrible nightmare. An as- let us histen to your M. Rovere." sassination in the house! A murder in fight, just over his bend, while he was quietly repairing a vest!

He stood looking at the house without ringing. M. Bernardet was, no doubt, breakfasting with his family, for it was Bernardet, still warm." Sunday, and the police officer, meeting Moniche the evening before, had said to him, "Tomorrow is my birthday." Moniche hesitated a moment. Then he

rang the bell. He was not kept waiting The sudden opening of the grating startled him. He pushed back the door and the threshold by a little woman, as rosy said to home and fresh as an apple, who, napkin in band, gayly saluted him. "Eh. M. Meniche!"

It was Mme. Bernardet, a Burgundian woman, about 35 years of age, trim and coquettish, who stepped back so that the tailor could enter.

"What is the matter, M. Monichel" Poor Montehe rolled his frightened eyes around and gasped out, "I must speak to M. Bernardet.

"Nothing easier," said the little woman. "M. Bernardet is in the garden Yes, he is taking advantage of the beautiful day. He is taking a group"-

'What group?' "You know very well photographs

Is his passion. Come with me. And Mme. Dernardet pointed to the end of the corridor, where an open door gave a glimpse of the garden at the rear of the house. M. Bernardet, the in-

spector, had posed his three daughterwith their mother about a small table on which coffee had been served. "I had just gone in to get my map kin, when I heard you ring," Mme

Bernardet said.

Bernardet made a sign to Moniche not to advance. He was as plump and as gay as his wife. His mustache wared, his double chin smooth shaven and rosy, his eyes had a sharp, cunning look, his head was round and closely cropped.

The three daughters, elethed alike in Scotch plaid, were posing in front of photographic apparatus which stood or a tripod. The eldest was about 12 year of age, the youngest a child of 5. The were all three strangely alike.

M. Bernardet, in honor of his birth day, was taking a picture of his daugi ters. The ferret who from morning til night tracked robbers and malefactor into their hiding places was taking hi recreation in his damp garden. The sweet idyl of this hidden life repair. him for his unceasing investigations.

for his trouve and ratiguing man hunt-

through Paris. play now, my dears. I am at your serv-

ed now, Moniche, He shot up his photograph apparatus. something had happened.

"You are as white as your handbera boulevard fill of with life and move chief, Moniche," he said "A number" "A murder, yes, M. Bernardet, M.

bearing of a workman. He was very now he has been assessmated. My wife of ledgings, in bevels, in the asylums short, very fat, and his baid head was went to his room to read the papers" - of misery and of crime. But Bernardet nel or the haron.' He will never know.

"When did it happen?" "Ali, dame, monsieur, I de per linear ! mending garments for his neighbors. All I know is my wife found the body Bernarder, content with this poor little can send for a commissary?" while his wife looked after the house, still warm. She was not afraid. She fertune, found that behad all the power

"Still warm!"

"Come. let us go to ever become

moment before the apartment excepted climning to her skirts, porceived that the a thick curpet, which stifled all noise. by M. Rover , she had found her lodger | concierge had brought important news. lying on his back, his eyes fixed, his Bernardet's smilling face had sublenly let me escape," said the banker. arms flung out, with a gash across his chanced. The entression became serious, his glance fixed and keen. "Art then going with him?" Mrss

> "Yes," he answered. "Ah, men Dieu! My poor Sanday.

"I do not know," he realised.

"You promised. The poor children" You promised to take them to see Clo if it became known, M. le Comte's case. serie des Genets.



Moniche, today is my fortieth birthday I promised to take them to the theater, dericate but I must go with you." Turning to "The grand cross, monsiour. They his wife, he added: "But I will come would be clate to deliver up to us the back as soon as I can. Come. Monicoe.

the Boulevard de Clicky in broad day- and each little girl on both cheeks, and, keen observer—the mand of a literary strapping the consers in the bandelet. man formedia." he went out, followed by the males, 24 they walked quickly along Monache Morel-the halot of using a kounk? kept repenting, "Still warm-yes, M.

the end of which was a pavilien. He his hands on, passed for a literary per- able man mounted the three steps and was met on son. His chief sometimes harrisingly. M. Hermardet harried toward M. Ro-

dream of writing for the papers." "Oh, so, M. Merel? But what would

you? I am simply ammang my self." This was true Becautelet was a born bunter. With a superior education he might have become a savant, a frequencer of libraries, passing his life in working on documents and in deciphering manuscripts. The son of a dairyoung. brought up in a Lancastrial school. reading with avidity all the daily pupers, attracted by everything mysterious which happened in Paris, having accomplished his military duty, he applied for admission to the police bareau. as he would have embarked for the new world, for Mexico or for Tonquin, in order to travel in a new country. Then he married, so that he might have in his checkered existence, which was dangerous and wearving, a haven of rest, a

tireside of penceful joy.
So he lived a double life, tracking malefactors libe a bloodbound and cultivating his little gamen. There he devoured old books, for which he had puta few sons at some book stall. He role and pasted in old odd leaves, rebeam them himself and out eligpings from papers. He filled his round, hald ben with a mass of facts which he invest gated chasided put into their prope place, to be brought forth as counsu

He was an inquisitive person-a verinstatistative person indeed. Curtimia filled his life. He performed with planure the most farigaing and regulate tasks that fall to a police officer's let They satisfied the original meet of he noture and permitted him to see every thing, to hear everything, to remembe into the most eurous musteries - paris in a dress suit with white tie, carebesel glancing over the crowds at the open t discover the thieves who book open

in Germany to be sold; tecoerrow going in ragged clothes to arrest a murdever in some cutthroat den in the Gla-

M. Bemardet had taken possession of the office of the most powerful bankers, scined their books and made them go away with him in a cab. He had followed, by order, the intrigues of more than one fine lady, who owed to him | news. her salvation. What if M. Bernardet had thought fit to smak? But be never spoke, and reporters came out worsted from any attempt at an interview with out, asking: him. "An interview is silver, but silence is gold." he was went to say, for he was not a fool.

He had assisted at spiritual scances and attended secret meetings of an-"There," he said, chapping the cap archists. He had occupied himself with ever the lens. "That is all. Go and occult matters, consulting the magicians of chance, and he had at his tingue's end the list of consumators. He knew the true names of the famous pulling out the triped from the deep | Gre s who shuffled cards as one scouts about under an assumed name. The order to more quickly reach the little mother. The young girls stood garing. He know the churches in whose dark Elysee des Beanx Arts. This passage, a piercing and clear. Bernardes termed to affairs, who did not wish to be seen in corners associates assembled to talk of Of the millions in Paris he know the

> secrets of this whirlpool of humanity. Oh, if he had ever become restort of police, he would have studied his Paris, not at a distance, looking up statistics in books, or from the windows of a po-"He was an original, a reclass, and like bureau, but in the streets, in wretch-Fernandet interraceed him brusquely was not ambitious. Life suited him And it is he"yery well as he found it. His good wife he wanted-the power, when occasion demunded, of putting his hand on the These words struck Bernardet. He re- shoulder of a former minister and of ficult to understand." taking a supplerer by the threat.

sailor bent over his work in a concierge's He unfastened his camera from the to arrest him. He did not wish to have lodge. Into her life a trugedy had sod- tripol. "I have three plates left which a row in the bunk. The police effects and lumber found themselves alone, oniche found that day something to Mrss. Permardet, who was standing face to face, in a very small room, a brighten up her afternoon. Entering a st a little distance, with the children private office, with heavy curtains and

"Fifty thousand france if you will

"M. le Cemte jests." "Ibensendt berbund A"

"The pleasantry is very great, but it Then the count, very pale, said, "And what if I crack your head?"

My brother officers are waiting for lines that our interview does not procoise to be a long one, and this last proposittion, which I wish to forget like the echers, would only argravate, I telieve, Two minutes afterward the banker "I cannot tell I do not know, I will went out, preceding Bernardet, who

bumber said to his employees, in an easy room. tone: "Goodby for the moment, messiours. I will return soon." It was also Bernardit who, visiting the Bank Hauts-Plateners, said to his

chief, "M. Merel, semething very serious is taking place there." "What is it. Derunroed?" "I do not know, but there is a meetteg of the bank directors, and today I saw two servants corry a man in there in an invalid's chair. It was the Baron

de Cheylard. "Baron Cheylard, in his quality of ex-senator of the second empire, of exstener of industrial exposits us, is grand cross of the Lorent of Honor Grand eres-that is to say, that he cannot be pursued only after a decision of the council of the order. And then you undirecting—if the Bank of Hants-Plateams demands the accessor of its vice passerby where Bernardet lived, and he "You are as white as your headbareness, president the Paren of Cherlard, para-ran as fast as he could in the direction "You are as white as your headbareness," he will build dead"—

"It means that it has need of a thun-

grand cross " You are right. Bernardet. The bank He hissed his wife on the forebend must be to a bud fix and you are a very

"Oh rather a photographic eye, M.

Paris Capable of amussing a fortune in and well trimmed gray board, expresssome Tracoche agency if he had wished ed in its fierce immebility a sort of to explicit, for his own benefit, his keen | menacing anger. This man of about 50 Bernards twas quite an original coar- observing powers, he thought only of years had evidently died cursing some actor. Among the agents, some of whom, doing his duty, beinging up his little were very only and among the devoted girls and loving his wife. More Bernarsubulterns this little man, with his det was amunoù at the astonishing sto- vat, which harmonized strangely with singular mind, with his insatiable on ries which her bustund often related to the half whitened beard, the end of entered. He crossed a little court, at ressity, reading anything he could by her and very proud that he was such an which was wet with blood.

vere's longings, and Moniche trouted glued him to the spot was the look, the "Bernardet, take care. You have lit- along beside him. As they neared the erary ambitions. You will begin to house they saw that a crowd had begun. The mouth was open, as if to cry out;

"It is known already," Meniche said. and the lips about to speak. "since I left they have borun"-

efficer, "it is all right. You have a fear or fury. right to call any one you choose to your must go for a commissary of police." "Oh, M. Bermmüer!" Moniche ex-

the commissaries put together." That does not make it so. A commis-

"But since was are here"-"But I am nothing. We must have a

Yes are not a magistrate, then?" "I am simply a police spy." Then be crossed the street. The neughbors had gathered about the

"There cought to be blood under the door like a swarm of flies around a bon-



"Yes," addess Membrie. "M. Bernard.

magnetism which that sinister thing, to take the picture. "a crime," arouses. The women talked common people hurried up to learn the

At the moment Bernardet came up, of the head a match safe which he had followed by the concierge, a coupe noticed on entering the room. stopped at the door and a tall man got

"Where is M. Morel? I wish to see

M. Morel." The chief had not yet been advised, young man suddenly recognized Ber- bookcases, the cabinets, etc. nardet and laid hold of him, pulling him after him through the half open took a match-from the box. It was M. "We must call some officers," Ber- was taken.

nardet said to the concierge, "or the crowd will push in."

"I was going in to read the paperthe story-it is very interesting, that there to my left. Now! Attention!" story. The moment had come when the baron had insulted the American colonel. M. Rovere said to me only yester-

"Mme. Moniche," interrupted Berhad be excht to him a small dower, and market, "have you any one whom you, room took on a fantastic appearance in "As a never falling bespitality on

out which one will be killed-the colo-

"Any one?" nardet needs a magistrate. It is not dif- velous, devilish, suggestive."

"A commissary?" repeated Mme. One day's financier, threatened with Moniche. "That is so, A commissary,

> the crowd take the house by assault the eyes those wide open, fixed tracic, when you open the door."
>
> "Four nothing," the woman said.
>
> "Four nothing," the woman said.
>
> "Four nothing," the woman said. happy in having something important with the ferocious resistance of a last "Oh, yes, you do. Tell me," she coply

of reading, the-Bernardet slowly mounted the two tives'and the tall young man who had ar- door, which was closed. Some one was to get the first news of the murder and and imperative.

make a "scoop" for his paper. The news had traveled fast, and his door, Moniche." paper had sent him in haste to get all. The reporter was busy taking notes. for the first time, and after due considera- keel y urselluf.

The three men reached M. Rovere's The three men reached M. Rovere's

It was, in fact, the commissary, who be, and from that time on they are as dedoor Meniche unlocked it and stepped was followed by Mme. Meniche and a voted to each other as are lovers in any back. Bernardet, with the reporter at number of curious persons who had clime." his heels, notebook in hand, entered the forced their way in when the front door A Commissioned Officer's Punishment

CHAPTER III.

Nothing in the antechamber indicated that a tragedy had taken place there. There were pictures on the walls, pieces of faience, some arms of rare kinds, Japanese swords and a Malay creese. Bernardet glanced at them as he passed

"He is in the salon," said the concherge in a low tone.

One of the folding doors stood open, the waist with a heavy cord, which lay who accompanied him, and they dein coils on the floor, like a serpent. The manded the reporters' cards of identificacorpse was extended between the two tion. The concourse of curious ones rewindows which opened on the Boule. belled, protested, growled and declaimed thought was that it was a miracle that | who took precedence everywhere. the victim could have met his death in . the passersly on the street.

Whoever struck the blow did it quickly," thought the police officer. He advanced softly toward the body, casting his eye upon the inert mass and jects near it and the most minute de. can have the exclusive privilege of writtalls. He bent over and studied it theremchly.

M. Revere seemed living in his tragic Thus Bernardet passed his life in post. The pale face, with its pointed one in his surreme agony. The frightful wound seemed like a large red cra-

But what struck Bernardet above everything else, arrested his attention and extraordinary expression in the eyes. the eyes seemed to memca some one,

They were frightful. Those tragic "If I enter there," interrusted the eyes were wide open, as if transfixed by

They seemed fathemless, staring, aid, but I am not a magistrate. You ready to start from their sockets. The eyelrows above them were black and bristling. They seemed living eyes in channed. "You are worth more than all that dead face. They told of a final struggle, of some atrocious duel of looks and of words. They appeared, in their sary is a commissary. Go and hunt for ferocious immobility, as when they

> Remardet looked at the hands. They were contracted and seemed, in some obstinate resistance, to have clung to the neck or the clothing of the assis-

mails, since he made a struggle," said Bernardet, thinking aloud. And Paul Rodier, the reporter, hurriedly wrote, "There was blood under the mails." Bernardet returned again and again

to the eyes—those wide open eyes, frightful, terrible eyes, which, in their fierce depths, retained without doubt the image or phantom of some nightmare of douth. He touched the dead man's hand. The flesh had become cold, and rigor mortis

was beginning to set in.

will be more complete."

The reporter saw the little man take from his pocket a sort of rusty silver ribbon and unroll it and heard him ask Moniche to take hold of one end of it. This ribbon or thread looked to Pau Rodier like brass wire. Bernardet prepared his kedak.

"Above everything else," murmure Bernardet, "let us preserve the expres sion of those eyes." "Close the shutters. The darknes

glasses, which they sent to accomplices | eyeomb. A rumor had spread about | The reporter assisted Moniche in order which brought together a crowd ani- to hasten the work. The shutters closed, Destriere, the learned commissary, mated by the merbid curiosity which is the room was quite dark. Bernardet be- actistic, so well disposed toward the aroused in some minds at the hint of a gan his task. Counting off a few steps, mystery and attracted by that strange he selected the best place from which noticed that the victim's pale face, with

"Be kind enough to light the end of sembled the dead Duke de Guise in in shrill tones, inventing strange stories the magnesium wire," he said to the Gerome's celebrated picture, which and incredible theories. Some of the concierge, "Have you any matches?" "No. M. Bernardet."

The police officer indicated by a sign "There are some there."

Bernardet had with one sweeping glance of the eye taken in everything "The powers freely extended to the wor in the room-the fautenils, scarcely m of Zuni are many, being particularly moved from their places; the pictures favorable to them in domestic matters, and and he was not there. But the tall hanging on the walls, the mirrors, the in everything pertaining to the home, writes Edward Page Gaston in The Moniche went to the mantelpiece and Woman's Home Companion

door, which Moniche hastened to shut

Rovere himself who furnished the light
against the crowd.

Tage as well as after, for the anegen privalent the crowd.

Eage of leap year hold rule continuously by which a picture of his own body in Zuniland. When one of the daughters "We could obtain no picture in this young man, she very frankly confesses it.

Mme. Moniche was standing at the said the agent, as calm while taking a of a prespective husband. If they approve out of the staircase, surrounded by the photograph of the mardered man as he the interesting information is imported in foot of the staircase, surrounded by the lodgers, men and women, to whom she was recounting for the twentieth time the story of how she had found M. Rolling the wire, and I will take three or four his admirer at her house. He specified negatives. Do you understand? Stand somewhat formally by the malocu and her

day, poor man, 'I am anxious to find der to fire. "Go!" said the agent. A rapid, clear light shot up and sud- he answers. dealy lighted the room. The pale face "Happy: Gather and sit," and she me-

seemed livid, the various objects in the tlons him to a sent near her.

narrier.

one day't financier, threatened with memorie, threatened with and what if I go for the commissary light the visage of the dead man appeared whiter, more sinister, frightful, rations.

Thanks I am satisfied be says, and then I did kick. I talked turker to many light the visage of the dead man appeared whiter, more sinister, frightful, rations.

Thanks I am satisfied be says, and then I did kick. I talked turker to many light the visage of the dead man appeared whiter, more sinister, frightful, rations. "Fear neshing," the woman said, with scorn, with hate, with terror, "I don't know to do, in relating the horrible news to struggle for life, immovable, eloquent persists.

The commissary how, when she was proved under the farmeric light to "I'm thinking of you," in a whisper. to do, in relating the horriton news to struggle for me, immostant light to "I'm thinking of you, in a wassen the commissary how, when she was —seemed under the fantastic light to "I'm thinking of you, in a wassen "I'm thinking of you, in a wassen "I'm thinking of you, in a wassen "I'm thinking of you." about to enter the room for the purpose glitter, to be alive, to menace some one.

"That is all," said Bernardet very While she was going toward the door softly. "If with these three nega-He stopped to look around toward the

rived in his coupe at a gallop in order raining ringing blows on the door, loud you, father? as she turns in apparent per-"It is the commissary. Open the

ing a plan for his journal.

vas opened.

A court martial was recently held on the Commissary, before entering, took the Mediterranean station upon a first lieuwas opened. a comprehensive survey of the room and tenant who was charged with a most bru- their contempded Luigi than 4 was like said in a short tone: "Every one must tal assault upon a chief petty officer. The

go out. No one must enter." were all pessessed with an irresistible him by kicking him about the body and tion.

"But we belong to the press."

room, lying on the floor in a pool of "The others—no," repeated the comin a long, blue dressing gown, bound at missary. He made a sign to two efficers him.

vard de Clichy, and Bernardet's first against the representatives of the press. "The Fourth Estate!" shouted an old such a horrible manner two steps from man from the foot of the staircase. He the sentence in this case? The officer was lived in the house and passed for a correspondent of the institute. He shouted furiously, "When a crime is committed under my very roof, I am not even allowed to write an account of it, and these punishments for infinitely less seri- I never notice a man in that condition. taking in at a glance the smallest ob. strangers, because they are reporters, ous crimes - Lorsdon Truck.

> The commissary did not listen to him. but those who were his fellow sufferers applauded him to the echo. The commissary shrugged his shoulders at the

hand clappings. "It is but right," he said to the reporter, "that the agents of the press The commuters looked up from their should be admitted in preference to any whist, and even the man from Tursdowns journalist, too—yes, at tirses. In the train moved out from the station the Asbury Perpers in reply "The first long brakeman entered the car, tapped her on and the latter short."—Cincinnati Enten a piece for the theater. But we will not talk of that. Enter, enter, I beg of you, and we shall see." And elegant, cars amiable, polished, smiling, he looked toward M. Hernardet, and his eyes asked

the question. Where is it? "Here! M. le Commissaire." Bernardet stood respectfully in front of his superior officer as a soldier carrying arms, and the commissary in his turn approached the body, while the curious ones, quietly kept back by Moniche, formed a half circle around the pale and bloody corpse. The commissary, like Bernardet, was struck by the haughty expression of that livid face.

"Foor man," he said, shaking his head, "He is superb, superb, He regazed upon the murderer, eye to eye. Paul Delaroche's picture. Thave seen it also at Chantilly, in Gerome's celebrat- Among the articles mentioned were ed picture of 'The Duel du Pieret.' " Possibly in speaking aloud his thoughts the commissary was talking so



He touched the dead man's hand. hat the reporters might hear him hey stood, notebooks in hand, taking otes, and Paul Rodier, catching the names, wrote rapidly in his book: "M

MISTAKEN IDENTITY. press, was at one time a journalist. He

its strong personal characteristics, rehangs in the calleries at Chantilly."

(TO BE CONTINUED.) COURTSHIP IN ZUNILAND.

Women Do the Lovemaking and Pop the

culing liberties are manifest before mas If the tribe takes an amored liking for a room without the magnesium wire," and her parents are informed of her choice family, when something like the following Bernardet took his position, and the perfer stood ready, match and wire in band, like a gunner who awaits the orband, like a gunner who awaits the or- sit apart, amiably pretending not to listen: Thou comest, she says. " Yes. How be ye these many days?"

this sort of tempestuous apotheosis, and Paul Rodier hastily inscribed on his writing pol, "Picturesque, bizarre, marbids him loosen his belt and bessen his looked at the letters suspiciously, and one "Yes," added Moniche, "M. Ber- writing pad, "Picturesque, bizarre, mar- hunger," But be appears preoccupied and clous, devilish, suggestive."

"Let us try it again," said M. Ber-impression that he is a light cater—an as to say I couldn't fool them with any important point in the lavor of a prospect- such simple subterfuges. Well, pretty

" YO.

"Then do you love me? " 'I love you!" " Truly? "'Truly.

plexity to the family group.

"As you wish, my child," her parent replies.

" Possibly we shall see. What think

the details of the affair which could be describing the salon, sketching it, draw- tion of the momentous question consents to become his vi-in-kia'ni-ha or 'his no

go out. Madame, make all these people fact seems to have been that the victim of the assault was on duty as quartermaster.

There are se an uproar. Each one tried was taken ill and fell down insensible. There arese an uproar. Each one tried? The first lieutenant came on board and from the proprietor all be knew about me, to explain his right to be there. They finding him there endeavored to rouse and thereupon restored my property and desire to assist at this sinister investiga- head and heating him unmercifully with brief applied. a heart riding whip. Even if the man had been drunk his condition would ob-"The reporters may enter when they viously have been no excuse whatever for chuck that infernal cosmetic straight out and, stopping on the threshold in order to take in the entire aspect of the place.

Bernardet saw in the center of the

having about 14 serious wounds about The occurrence seems to have been husbed up at the time. The Bentemant privately apologized to the quartermaster and practically threw himself on his heard of the affair, and, much to his cred- without losing any time. -Youkers Hence the court martial. Now what was severely reprimanded and dismissed his ship. There was no question in this case on the street today? of flogging, imprisonment and subsequent dismissal from the service, but I v to say that many a seamon has suffered all

When the Orange county express on the Eric railroad stopped at Paterson one morning last week, a stout, middle aged Irish woman climbed up the steps of the smoking car and walked in not beeting

the warning, "Rear car, ladies; this is the Wenkly. one else. Do you think that it is easy a little bit interested when she seared her bounder asked the prospective boarder. to discover a criminal? I have been a self, unmindful of the smoke. As the

the shoulder and said:
"Madam, this is the smoking car. There That she was not feared by the information was apparent to all, and the man from that am: I've lost several ensteames while Tuxedo allowed himself to forget whether you've been fooling over them pennies. his partner's long suit was hearts or dia-

Then the woman winked knowingly took out of her pocket pipe, tobacco and matches, and answered:

be afther knowin twis the shinoker She lighted her pipe and smoked all the way to Jersey City -New York Sun.

Mr. Julian Brewer of Annapolis, as executor of his brother, the late or Securior less annesing than he expected "-Chi-Nicholas Bower, has fallen into posses-CARDO PERCURAL sion of a bill from William Kilty, debter, to William Alexander, under date of 1814. pounds of sugar, price \$3: 2 pounds Hyson ten \$5; louf sugar, 375; pound; brown sugar, 28 cents a pound popper, 75 cents a pound; surmants, 37 ; Tribune. ents a pound, raisins, same price quarts of peach brandy, \$1.17; mold camcents a pound; 2% grillons of vinegar, \$1.03; half an outpot of mace, 50 pursuits, his chief corrupation for a loc cents, 3 quarts of whisky, 51 cents, half an ounce of nutmeg, 25 cents; I ounce has manuscripts - Somerville Journal of cloves, 18% cents; think of smeet oil. 6214 cents. The war with England was the cause of the "war prices."-Bultimore

The best examples of cyclopean building are at Basiltee. There are stones in the Banibec walls 30 feet above the level several of which are 60 feet long. 24 feet thick and 16 broad, each stune weighing over

2.300 tens, all cut, dressed and brought

from distant quarries.

-Chicago News

Teacher-Bobby, give an example of the double negative. Bobby—I dan't know none.—Cincinnati One Kind.

Enwittingly.

AN AMERICAN'S ADVENTURE IN THE go hunting! AUSTRIAN CAPITAL

He Was Pestered With Beggnrs and Tried a Clever Ruse to Escape With the muzzle pointing down?" Them, Which Came Very Searly

Ending Disastrously For Himself. The man who was abroad recently puffed away on a very good cigar that had found customs officers at New

York and smiled retrospectively. "A funny thing happened to me while I was in Vienna," he said; "funny and disagreeable, too-demond disagreeable. You see, I was always recognized as an American and pestered by beggars. A "Yes," said the youth calmly; "that's happy thought came to not. I bought the only kind I raise. My name is Hobsome commerce and made up as a native. I

found it worked splendidly for a time. "Pretty seen I noticed that a man in dark clothes was observing too very close ly. He crossed so closely in front of me that I almost stumbled against him. Then be turned abruptly and walked away. Five minutes later as I was looking into a shop window a beary hand grasped my arts. Almost instantly another heavy hand clutched my other arm. I blocked around harrily. I was in the hands of two stern looking chaps in uniform. Behind them stood the man in dark clothes, I tried to pull away. I tried to protest. It was useless. In five minutes they had swiftly walked me to some sort of a police station and had me facing a wrinkled old fellow with a hope white musterbe. "Of course I caught on to what the trouble was. In my informal disguise they had taken me for some confounded crim

inal. I didn't make any more protests. I just let can go ahead with their funny work. They went through my pockets and felt me all ever and made up a pile of my effects on the desk. There were a few of them said. 'Englisch,' and then looked officer, and he talked to me in what I farey was very poor Italian. I think he called me Luigi, but I couldn't make out much of anything he said. I answered him in floor United States, pointing to my letters and repeating 'English' several times. Pretty soon the Italian translator shook his head in disgust. I guess he thought I day, was shanning. Then they brought in H another man, and I seen found out that

he could talk a little English. Speechen sie Englisch! I cried. " 'Yaw,' he answered, with some hesi-

Then get me a cake of soap, 'I cried, 'and some water and a towel. Huh" he said. 'you eat scap-you No." I said. 'I won't keel myselluf. Why should I kill mysel?"

"You anarchest," he replied.
"I laughed at that, and after a few moments of jubboring with the others he hustheir away and brought back what I wantit didn't take me long to wash off that informal dye, and when I emerged from behind the towel I was no more like

the sphing "Well, the upshot of it all was that they sent me buck to the hotel in charge of the man in the dark clothes, who found out left me with what I understood to be a

handsome that the first thing I did was to

First Farmer-It's wonderful, these improviments they're making. Second Farmer-Yes, it is, "Why, do you know, they've got a con trivance now so they can take up water on a train while the peeky thing's a going' "Well, I suppose that's so they can wa-But somehow or other the captain | ter the milk when going into the city

> STATISSTEED. As She Understood It.

He-Why did you fall to recognize me She-I didn't se you

He-That's strange! I saw you twice

She-Oh, that probably accounts for it. Chango News. Love's Young Dream Sweet Girl-Papa, Mr. Poorchap pro-posed to me last night, and I told him I

would marry him if you were willing. Father—Send him about his busines Sweet Girl-He hasn't any .- New York

Mr. tebary Peppers. "What sort of a table do they set at your "Table of waits and measures," said

Trade Hampered. Bagger (to hely who is a long time get ting a mirkel out of her purse)-Hurry up you've been fooling over them pennies. -New York World.

quirer

When Life Will Be Exrnest. People who think they know what real excitement is may realize their error after 'An did yes pose for wan minit I didn't | motor curvisces get to be common and the

wasness begin to run them -- Somerville A Disappointed Pessimist. "Mr. Junks looks even more dismal than usual since his marriage.

"Yes; be must have found wedded life

In Proper Form. "You have a tentu of terriers for your boy wagen, have you Johnsy! How do you hitch them?

And They Generally Get Away. When a beginner engages in literary time is pursuit of editors who will print

He Enjoyed the I preur. "Pid you enjoy the English opera last macht! "Why, yes, I enjoyed it, but I didn't

"Three goes a woman who makes her Eving out of hush money. "What's her business?" "Ste's a buby's murse."-Philadelphia

know it was English "-Philadelphia

Fully Recovered. "Has your husband fully recovered from his army experience "Oh, quite! He finds fault with the victuals every day new. -Continuati En-

Little Harry-Pa, what's an amarket It's the large colds that grow into big colds, the big colds that end in consump-tion and death. Warch the little colds. Its. Weed's Nerway Pine Spring. Pa-A brown wig on a 70-year old man

Good Advice Wasted.

"Young man," said the severe looking individual on the same seat, "do you ever

Sometimes," said the young man. "And are you as careful as you should be about lifting a gun! Do you know that when you raise it you should do so

"I don't believe I ever thought of that." said the young man, "and I've raised sev

"You are criminally careless," said the serious party, "if you neglect these pre-

cautions Blessed if I ever saw it in that light before," said the young man, "Does it make any difference if the guns are full of

WATER! son."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.



Bessie-Pil let you ride my bicycle if you want to, little boy, Muggey-Huh! If I'd wanted to, I'd taken yer wheel long before dis!-New

How It Happened. "You remember Brown of course and the magnificent head of hair that he had?"

Certainly. What of it?" "He's lost it all."
"Lost it all! Dear me, how extraordimary) Was it caused by sickness or did he

"Neither. It just sort of happened nat-

urally when it came his turn to go to the penitentiary barber shop. They all lose their hair there, you know, I'-Oh, but it was fortunate that he was a sprinter - Chicago Post.

Saved a Cool Thousand. Wife (proudly)-I saved you \$1,000 to-Husband-Saved \$1,0009 We haven't that much to save. We haven't \$100 we can call our own. Hang me, if we have over \$10, come to think!

Wife-But you have always said that if you ever had money enough you would build a bouse. Husband—Of course "Well, for \$3 I bought a book showing

how to build a \$10,000 house for \$9,000

-New York Weekly. Lucky Man. Crimsonbeak-That man Scrawls writes a fearful hand.

Yeast-Hard to make out!

that time."-Youkers Statesman.

Fearful Why, do you know, he gave me a check, and"-Why, I never knew he kept any money in the bank!" "He never did, but it took the bank people two weeks to make out the signature, and I had the use of the money all

Student of Physiology (to Professor's child who has wandered into the classroom and is examining the skeletoni-Why Roscoe, aren't you afraid to take hold of that eksisten's hands Professor (in a rapid whisper)-Sh-shshish! He doesn't know what the word a f-raid means. Why, when his grand-

The Spelling Habit.

mother died be slept in the very next room and never thought of being sear-

Next Thing. Speaker-The honorable member from Congressman (speaking slowly and impressively)-Mr. Speaker, I rise as a patriotic American to move, sir, that the bill for the improvement of our American rivers and harbors by amended by the inscr-tion of these words, "For improving the

harbor of San Juan, Porto Rico, \$100 Immense cuthusiasm. |- Chicago Trib

A Sliding Scale. "How long will it take you to teach the had the trade?" That depends on how much you pay me. For 100 marks I'll teach him in a year, and for 200 marks you can take the

boy home with you now."-Yonkers

A Tender Point.

Statesman.

should have married a girl who had no music in her at all." "Nothing surprising about it. She was willing to listen to his singing "-Brook-

"I am surprised that a man like Basso



"Which of my two sisters do I resemble

One Point of View. "I see you've still got your old office "Improves with age, does he!" Black and random, siz,"-Chicago "Well he seems to get fresher every

day."-Good Housekeeping.

American.

"The prettier!"-Heitere Welt.

Those Loving Girls. Bess-I wish that young Softleigh wouldn't stare at me so every time we meet. It's dreadfully embarrassing. Nell-Yes, poor fellow! He never did

have much sense.-Chicago News.

A Grain of Comfort. Photographer-I have made a speaking Hk-ness of your wife, sir. Hustand—Speaking! Um! Well, I supose there's some consolation in the fact

that it's a half tone -Philadelphia North

Berthelot, the French chemist, finds that the copper objects found at Negadah and Abydos. in Egypt, are of pure copper, net bronze. They are believed to date from the first dynasty or earlier and tend to prove the past existence of a copper be

One Minute Cough Cure, cures, That is whet it was made for-

Fathe your tender, sore and blistered feet with Crystalina. It cures,